The

Non-Subscribing Presbyterian

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Contents.

	PAGE.
Notes of the Month	1
Heaven. By Rev. E. S. Hicks, M.A.	2
John Wesley: Some Strange Extremes. By Rev. W. S. Smith	5
Obituary: The late Rev. W. S. Smith. The late Mr. Wm. Savage, Ballee	7
The Rise of Unitarianism in Wales. By Cambriensis. IV.	11
Reports: Ballyhemlin; Belfast: First Church; Belfast: York Street; Newry; Unity Guild	13
Echoes	14

Notes of the Month.

The Misses Riddel have given a munificent benefaction to the Queen's University of Belfast. They have placed the sum of £25,000 in the hands of trustees to erect and endow a hall of residence for Protestant young girls coming from the country to attend the University. This is in accordance with other generous acts of the Riddel family and with the traditions of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church. Members of other denominations have been generous to their own cause and have lavished money on missions and on educational efforts likely to strengthen and support the Church with which they were connected, but it has ever been the glory of the Non-Subscribers that they have given freely to undenominational charity and unsectarian education without hope or thought of any benefit to their own religious community. The history of Belfast charities and of Belfast education bears witness to their broad-minded generosity.

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This splendid gift is a fresh incentive to us to propagate and hand on to posterity the great religious principles which are the mainspring of the action. Their value to the community is brought home to us afresh. We must foster them in this generation and pass them on to the next, if we are true to our God-given trust. At the present moment the Sustentation Fund makes pressing demands upon us. Our great cause needs the finest exponents of our principles which we can get—the best ministers we can obtain. We must make adequate provision for them, and the Sustentation Fund offers the best means of doing so. A sum of between £40,000 and £50,000 would be necessary to put our ministers in as good a position as the ministers of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Our ministers are entitled to be placed on at least an equal footing with their colleagues in other denominations. We have not yet collected more than one-fifth of the amount we require, and strenuous efforts will have to be persevered in until we have done our duty by our Church.

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The following extract from the *British Weekly* will afford gratification to all Non-Subscribers:

English Presbyterians and Their Creed.

It is well known that for some time past there has been considerable uneasiness amongst English Presbyterians as to the relation of the Church to its subordinate standards, and especially as to one of the questions in the "Formula" (No. 2) put to all ministers and elders at their ordination and induction. This question seems to require that elders shall believe, and ministers believe and teach, a certain "body of doctrine" rather than the Word of God. Then there has been much diversity of opinion as to the exact meaning of the phrase "body of doctrine." Last year a number of overtures were sent to the Synod on the subject, with the result that a special committee (with the Rev. J. G. Goold, M.A., of Eastbourne, as convener) was appointed to look into the matter and report. This committee's report has just been issued in anticipation of the forthcoming Synod, and contains some very interesting and important recommendations.

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The changes recommended on the questions of the Formula are practically only two, but they are very important. The present first question reads thus, "Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God, and the only rule of faith and duty?" The committee recommend that it be altered to read, "Do you believe the Word of God in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the supreme guide in faith and duty?"

* *

The present second question, which has been strongly objected to by many, reads, "Do you sincerely own and believe as in accordance with Holy Scripture, and will you faithfully teach, the body of Christian doctrine set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith and the other subordinate standards of this Church, and now more briefly expressed in the Twenty-four Articles of the Faith?" For this question the committee propose that the two following should be substituted:—(1) "Do you sincerely believe, and will you faithfully proclaim, the Gospel of the love and grace of God wherein He freely offers to all men forgiveness and eternal life, calling them into the fellowship and service of His kingdom, through Jesus Christ, His only Son, who became man, died for our sins, rose again from the dead, and liveth evermore, our Saviour and Lord?" (2) "Do you accept the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms as the subordinate standards of this Church, believing the substance of the Christian faith therein contained; and whereas liberty of opinion is allowed on questions that do not enter into the substance of the Faith, do you consent that by these standards, constitutionally interpreted by the Courts of the Church, your relation to this Church shall be determined?"

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The Synod will be asked next week to give a general approval to these recommendations, and to remit them to the Presbyteries of the Church for consideration and report. The returns of Presbyteries, with such suggestions as they may think necessary, will be finally considered by the Synod of 1913.

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What pleasure this would have given to the old Non-Subscribers and Remonstrants! To us now living it is most encouraging. It shows that the principles for which our Church has stood against almost overwhelming odds will in the end prevail and change the whole of Protestantism for the better. Whether these recommendations are carried in the Synod or not, the fact that they have been made marks a notable advance.

HEAVEN.

By Rev. E. Savell Hicks, M.A.

IT is the upwelling of feelings such as these, that has caused primitive and civilised men alike to have a belief in life beyond death; and with a common forward-reaching instinct they have sought to build another realm, whose dimensions should

be ampler, and whose fortunes either immeasurably better, or immensely worse, than those of this fleeting existence.

The theories men have held have been widely different ; and they have constructed their heavens as glorified versions of their earth life, according to their different ideals of happiness, comfort and welfare.

The Esquimaux, for example, whose life is a perpetual struggle with the cold and darkness of the long arctic night, or the peril of ice, storm, or starvation, pictures heaven as a region deep down beneath the fretted surface of the dreadful sea,—a land where there is no night, and which is bathed in the warmth of perpetual sunshine ; where great herds of reindeer or of seal provide perpetual exercise for the hunters, and the waters are never caught in the iron grip of the ice king.

The Saliva Indians on the other hand picture heaven as being located in the Moon, and one of its most attractive features appears to be the absence of mosquitos. The North American Indian's " Happy Hunting Grounds " are familiar to all of us in legend and story ; and our tough old Norse ancestors, whose joy was in warfare with men and elements, pictured heaven as full of the joy of battle. They were guided after death to Valhalla by the wild-eyed Storm Maidens, to the accompaniment of lightning and tempest, and having arrived there they spent their nights in feasting, and their days in fighting ; but however fearful and sanguinary the conflicts, all wounds healed in the regions of the blessed, and the vanquished and victors feasted together again at nightfall, till the red dawn roused them to battle once again.

The Mohammedan anticipates a paradise of sensuous delights, while the contemplative Buddhist or Brahmin looks forward to the joy of Nirvana, which shall be the end of all striving, all ambition, all passion, even of all consciousness, according to our conception of the term. The list of peculiarities and divergencies might be almost indefinitely prolonged ; but enough has been said to indicate that there can scarcely be one heaven, one definite and fixed state of the soul, to meet all needs and grades of human expectation or desire. The hardy Scandinavian warrior would scorn the soft delight of the Moslem paradise, or the spiritual exaltation in which a St. Francis would find perfect peace. The heaven pictured by most Christians would be unattractive to the philosophical Indian, while the metaphysical and somewhat negative conceptions of the East are beyond the comprehension or alien to the sympathies of the practical-minded West. That grim and harsh early Christian Father, Tertullian, thought and taught that one of the joys of Paradise, and one of the privileges of the saved, would be to gaze over the ramparts of heaven at the writhings of the damned in the seething flames of hell ; a sight which but few modern Christians would consider desirable or pleasurable, and which surely no celestial being could contemplate, much less take joy in, without entire loss of all beauty of holiness.

Apart, however, altogether from predilections and prejudices which may be right or wrong—consider the question from another aspect. Think of the disproportion of men on earth, their differences of race, creed, and character, and development ; think of the gulf that separates a savage of the flint age from St. Paul or Sir Isaac Newton ; or the intellectual and moral chasm between the lowest and most ignorant of the subjects of the British Empire, and its loftiest characters in Church or State ; think of the differences in opportunity, in development, in sin or sorrow or attainment, due merely to the seeming accident of death,—some living only a few moments, hours, months, or years—others of the human family growing up to maturity, but cut off at various stages from twenty to four-score years and ten ; think finally of the disparities of birth circumstance and opportunity, which are intermixed with all these other elements of inequality.

Can you imagine—is it either common sense, ordinary philosophy, or conformable to our ideas of justice,

progress and development, to imagine that at the hour of death all these divergent types, so different in every respect, are suddenly divided into two great sections of the "saved" and "the lost"—each stereotyped for all Eternity? If life after death be a fact, it must surely be devised on juster principles than this.

Our knowledge of evolution as a physical process should teach us to apply its principles and laws in the sphere of Spirit. As men, in the process of the ages, have emerged into a clearer perception of the moral laws that dominate our lives; as they have realised that existence means something more than a gigantic game of "beggar my neighbour," and that its highest possibilities of usefulness and happiness are included in the two words UNSELFISHNESS and SERVICE; so they have held with increasing firmness that the future life must be dominated by the same shining laws. They have, in fact, begun to appreciate the fact that death will not suddenly transmute character, but that the spiritual life hereafter must be the logical consequence and outcome of life here on earth, and like our life and growth here must be a gradual process.

"He who neglects his soul," exclaims Plato in one of his golden flashes of inspiration, "will pass lamely through existence, and again pass into Hades aimless and unserviceable. . . . When a man dies he possesses in the other world a destiny suited to his life in this." That surely is the logic of the matter.

Time is but a fraction of Eternity; it is only our term for measuring events, and we measure it in proportion to our span of life. Ninety years is a long life, and consequently seems a long time; a thousand years is a period which would swallow up many such lives and so it seems *very* long to us, while when we get into millions we seem to have reached almost to infinitude. It is all measured by us *in proportion to ourselves*, and these vast periods, would we but realise it, are but "moments in the being of the Eternal Silence."

Similarly we speak of "passing into Eternity"—forgetful of the fact that if Eternity mean anything at all it has no beginning, even as it has no end—(a thought which no human mind can realise). If Eternity be a fact, this *is* Eternity in which you now live; you are living your eternal life *now*, and whatever further chapters may await you hereafter will surely be linked to this by the eternal laws.

You know something of heaven here and now. When are you happiest? Amusements, entertainments, distractions are good in their way, but they pass with the passing hour, and there is nothing else that ever gives you the satisfaction that comes from an action that is GOOD; the feeling that in some crisis, in which the lower and the higher in your nature have met in conflict, you have been true to your *best self*. Heaven is here in your own heart, when you summon its glory and its peace to abide with you. Portia was right in saying the quality of mercy blesses him that gives and him that takes; and the same rule holds good of all great qualities; but it is never true of the lower and baser attributes of our nature. You are not, and you cannot be happy when you fall short of your best self. Excitement may dull your conscience for a time. You may like the passing sensation, or the ephemeral stimulus, or the transitory satisfaction that in debased natures ensues from selfishness, meanness, vice, or crime. But these things do not bear *thinking about*. A little grain of conscience turns them sour, as Tennyson pointed out in his Vision of Sin. The more they are thought about, and seen in their naked reality, the more horrible they become. Consequently men avoid thinking, shut their eyes and ears, and living in the passing excitement, think not of to-morrow.

But you cannot defeat the eternal laws in that easy fashion. "If the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." Most men think on their death-bed if they do not do so sooner—and if they do not think then, or before then, there will be plenty of time afterwards. You will

not evade fate or elude justice by dying. God assuredly has not done with a soul when it passes out of what we call Life. A prodigal may wander far and spend a great substance in riotous living, but he will inevitably come to the swine and husks at last; his low base nature will eventually reduce him to his proper companionship—shut out from love and beauty and affection—and then he will find the emptiness and horror of it all, and will turn to his Father.

One thing is as sure as the shining of the sun—what will not bear thinking about *in all its bearings* will not and cannot bring joy. In the grand assize of the spirit only four things will stand the test of cross examination:—USEFULNESS, PROGRESS, UNSELFISHNESS, LOVE.

The soul that can boast these has no need of glittering gates, or meadows of asphodel, or feasts of the mighty dead to reward it with the monotony of eternal idleness and sameness. All it will cry for is the privilege of going on to yet higher and better things, to a deeper knowledge and a fuller, wider life.

Our universe is bigger than the small world of the fathers of the race; we have learned to write its history in millions of years and to measure its dizzy spaces in billions of miles, and so our Paradise must also be vaster; and Immortal Life becomes not a term to describe for the stereotyping of an unprogressive angel, but a phrase for the onward march through infinite experience and possibility of an ever expanding soul.

The Winnebago Indians, gazing above them at the pale golden track of the Milky Way, called it the Road of the Dead, so white was it with the crowds of pallid ghosts wending their way to Paradise. To us its faint track is known as a shining mass of stars, so distant and so tremendously numerous that they seem to swim together as a sea of light. It is no longer the Road of the Dead. It is the symbol of life, power, and possibility, a golden promise of infinite experience and development that may await us in a boundless universe in which law, love, and purpose, hold us in the clasp of the mystic power we name God.

Heaven is a state of the soul, not a golden streeted locality. You may know it here even in this modern life. Be true to yourself and you will carry it with you, a great possession, an abiding peace, wherever you may stray in the golden lighted scheme of things. Here it is usefulness, progress and the communion of kindred souls that makes your heaven. Shall it not be so hereafter, as we tread the ever ascending spiral of Eternal Life. And as we ascend, surely the broken purposes and the shattered lives shall be made whole, or be fraught with clearer meaning, until at last we are "perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect."

And then?—Eternal rest and quiescence? No one can say. But if the universe mean anything, and its laws have any significance, it is surely this—that God Himself finds His Infinite Joy in ceaseless activity, eternal outpouring of Himself, everlasting creative energy.

And surely heaven can never be ours on other terms than those of Work, Love, Progress, Purity, Usefulness. The soul that has these has its heaven secure now and always.

JOHN WESLEY: SOME STRANGE EXTREMES.

By Rev. W. S. Smith.

ONE may criticise a man and his opinions, without disrespect to his moral and spiritual worth and the work he may have done for the world. That John Wesley did a great work for mankind none, I presume, will deny; at the same time, viewed from some aspects, he was somewhat enigmatical in his mental character — eminently reasonable in some things, and very superstitious in others. Some of his views and sympathies were excellent, while some of his "science" was worse than "old wives' fables."

Judging by his attitude when in this country, Wesley appeared to think himself pretty well acquainted with the devil. On one occasion a woman besought his aid. Her trouble arose from the devil being in her inside, and, apparently, Wesley believed and sympathised with her, for when he was asked by the Rev. Philip Skelton what he was going to do in the case, said he expected "to cure her by prayer and fasting and the like." Mr. Skelton ridiculed the idea of thus giving the woman relief, and so Wesley gave up all thought of attempting. This was not so on a subsequent occasion, however, when he went to see a woman troubled in a similar way to the one just mentioned. Then he boldly asked the devil how he dared to enter into a Christian? To which his Satanic Majesty replied—"She is not a Christian: she is mine." However, the devil in this case was not left to himself, and so had to seek an asylum elsewhere. This incident is recorded in the third volume of Wesley's *Journal*.

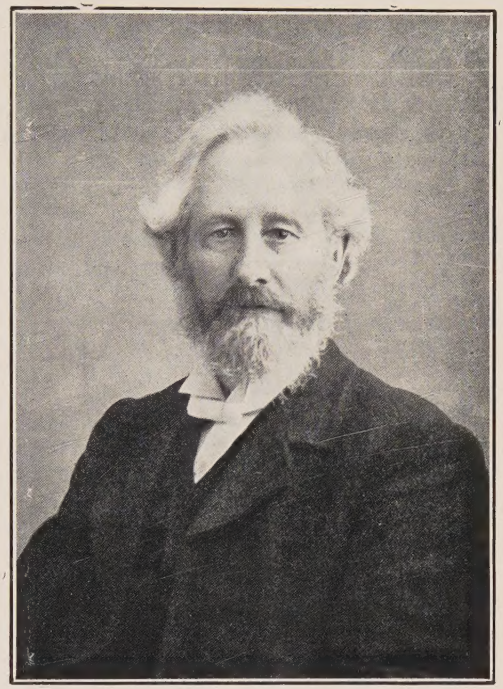
And now let us turn to Wesley's "science." He wrote a work on natural philosophy, and such philosophy as one does not often meet with. According to Wesley, the transformation of nature may, nay did arise, from the transgression of man. Is it possible for the moral delinquincy of one or two, or even more persons, to interfere with the arrangements and operations of nature? Yet, according to Wesley, this is what followed the sin of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Plant-life, animal life, the physical constitution of the earth, all underwent a change for the worse, in consequence of the alleged conduct of Adam and Eve. A most marvellous theory! It is asserted that the earth before the Fall was a truly beautiful world, adorned to the highest degree with trees and shrubs and flowers of the most attractive description. There were no rugged rocks, precipices, great chasms, impassable morasses. There were no terrestrial convulsions, no volcanoes. If there were no physical morasses, Wesley surely gets into an intellectual one, when he says "every country produced whatsoever was requisite for the necessity and comfort of its inhabitants." Where were these primitive people to be found when, according to the Biblical narrative, only Adam and Eve were in existence? There were then, we are told, no lightnings, tempests, thunderstorms. There were no weeds or poisonous plants. The sea-animals did not devour one another. "The spider then was as harmless as the fly." (The fly is asserted by some to be one of the most injurious creatures living—worse than lions and tigers on account of its microbe-bearing character; but microbes were not known in Wesley's time.) Reptiles were harmless, and there were no birds or beasts of prey. All this is stated with an assurance that is remarkable. Since Wesley lived the science of geology has made such headway as to speak for itself, and contradict him on every point, excepting that of the existence of man. Man existed long, long before the reputed Adam, hundreds of thousands of years, while fossil teeth of sharks, serrated like the teeth of the modern shark, are found embedded far down in the rocks, showing that these creatures ranged the ancient seas and preyed upon other creatures. That there were volcanoes and earthquakes before the time of Adam geologists have not the slightest doubt, that I am aware of, so that all the amiable talk of Mr. Wesley and others who thought like him about these changes in the earth, animals, and plants following the sin in Paradise, is entirely devoid of scientific value. Before the Fall, Wesley says, man had no pain; he could therefore have no pleasure, since without pain there can be no sensibility. Nature is appealed to by Wesley, but, instead of saying Yes, it utters an emphatic No.

In speaking thus, I would not have it thought that I fail to appreciate Wesley's great moral and religious work for man. This was great, indeed, and but for him much of the English-speaking world would not be where it is to-day. But this fact need not make us shut our eyes to the fallacies, scientific and otherwise, which he promul-

gated. For genuine philanthropy, for power of appeal, for truly self-sacrificing labours for the good of others, few can approach Mr. Wesley. But when we look at the sun we may possibly see spots on its shining face.

Notwithstanding that John Wesley held strange opinions, he gave expression to many liberal sentiments. In this respect he was, I think, broader-minded than many of his modern representatives. "I have no more right," said he, "to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair." But he was "dead" on Calvinism—very. Some think he gave up the doctrine of eternal punishment in his old age; while he confessed to a lady (Miss Perronet) that on reading Dr. Isaac Watts's views on the person of Christ, he threw the book away lest he should become an Arian like Watts. Because of his liberal-mindedness, and his defiant attitude towards Calvinism. he was strongly denounced. A popular Presbyterian minister, when preaching in Newcastle-on-Tyne fifty years ago, went so far as to commence his discourse with the words, "John Wesley is dead! John Wesley is in hell!" John Wesley's Christianity was to be preferred to that of the Presbyterian preacher. His Scriptural foundation for his belief in the Trinity was an unfortunate one. It was the 7th verse of the 5th chapter of the First Epistle of John, which the Revisers of the New Testament, more than thirty years ago, ruthlessly swept away, leaving "not a rack behind."

THE LATE REV. W. S. SMITH.



THE LATE REV. W. S. SMITH.

REV. WILLIAM SUNDERLAND SMITH, our minister in Antrim, passed away after an illness of about a fortnight's duration at his residence, The Manse, Antrim, on Monday evening, 6th May. Mr. Smith was actively engaged in the ministry for a period of fifty-three years, forty of them being spent as minister of the Old Presbyterian Congregation in Antrim. He was for many years clerk of the Antrim Presbytery, and so unexpected was the end that only a few weeks ago he was nominated by the Templepatrick Presbytery for the position of Moderator of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church for the ensuing year. Before settling in Ireland, which he did in the year 1872, Mr. Smith was minister in Aberdeen, Rawtenstall, Doncaster, Tavistock, and Crediton. He was educated for the ministry in the Home Missionary College, Manchester. He was a faithful pastor, an interesting preacher, and was greatly esteemed within the bounds of his own Church. But these bounds did not contain all his friends. He was a man of wide and varied interests, and through his studies and writings made friends in all parts of the world. He was an expert botanist and geologist and an authority in matters pertaining to natural history. Readers of "Nature Notes" in the *Northern Whig* will regret that not again will they meet with those interesting and entertaining paragraphs signed "W.S.S." He was an

antiquarian of no mean order, and it may be added that he wrote several small books relative to the history of Antrim and district, which are well known to all interested in those matters. Mr. Smith leaves a widow, three sons, and two daughters to mourn his loss, to whom will be extended the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

In Memoriam "W.S.S."

By Mr. Robert Patterson.

In Nature Notes and Queries, Northern Whig.

In common with all known and unknown readers of these weekly "Notes" I mourn the death of the Rev. W. S. Smith, of Antrim, which occurred on 6th May, after a short illness. It is only a few weeks since his last note appeared in this column—a characteristic one on "Adders." For Mr. Smith was one of those all-round naturalists of the old school—now, alas! fast dying out—who never "specialised" on one group or portion of a group, but who took a keen well-informed interest in all branches of zoology, as well as botany and geology. In other words, he was a real naturalist, and well deserved the name by which he was affectionately known to many as the "Gilbert White of Antrim." For many years Mr. Smith made a special study of the physical and natural history features of Lough Neagh, and he published two gossiping guides to that immense lake, which proved very useful and which will be valuable in the future. Whenever the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club (of which he was a member) visited Antrim Mr. Smith was the local guide who made all arrangements and conducted the members to the various points of interest. But it is chiefly in connection with this weekly column that I shall ever feel his loss. No one who has not been responsible for a certain amount of "copy" by a fixed day each week can realise the immense help Mr. Smith gave to me in the conducting of these weekly notes. Frequently he would send me a whole budget of notes to be used whenever the supply from other sources fell short, and a card from me to say that I was very busy and had nothing ready never failed to bring back some of his original and interesting notes by return of post. For many years Mr. Smith has been my chief helper and stand-by, and his loss to me will never be made good. Some years ago I offered a prize to the contributor who sent in most notes in a year, and of course Mr. Smith was an easy winner. I think he only missed one week in that year. I remember when I wrote to him about his prize how diffident he was about suggesting a certain book he wanted lest it should be too expensive. Whenever I met him his first words were always about this column, in which he was keenly interested, and he delighted to note when new contributors appeared. No one can ever fill his place with me and my circle of readers, and it is with genuine sorrow that I realise that never again can this column have the privilege of publishing any more of those welcome notes signed "W.S.S.," Antrim.

The remains of our friend were laid to rest in the New Cemetery, Antrim, on Thursday, 9th May. It was a lovely day. A great concourse of friends gathered to participate in the last rites. All creeds, classes, callings, and professions were represented by those attending the funeral, many having come from a great distance. The service in the Manse was conducted by Revs. A. Turner and H. J. Rossington; in the Meeting-house by Revs. A. Turner and M. S. Dunbar; and at the graveside by Revs. G. L. Phelps and S. E. Bowen. Rev. R. M. King officiated at the harmonium leading the praise, which consisted of the hymns, "My God and Father, While I Stray" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," also rendering both at the incoming and the out-going The Dead March in "Saul."

Address Delivered in the Meeting-House, Antrim, by Rev. A. Turner, on the occasion of the Funeral.

We come together to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains

of our friend, William Sunderland Smith. News of his death must have reached many of his friends with something of a shock, and even by those who knew of his illness the end was felt to have come swiftly. A very short time ago he moved in and out amongst us, and then, as always, he called forth our admiration and our love. He died as all good and brave men wish to die —not in quiet, aimless repose, but in the midst of his work, doing and working to the last. That I should speak to you of him on this sad and solemn occasion is perhaps a matter of accident rather than of special qualification, the accident of proximity, of neighbourhood. We had lived as it were next-door-neighbours for more than twenty years, and during that time I had ample opportunity to discern the fine spirit that was in him, and to learn to admire and to love him.

One thinks at this time of his home-life, of the family circle which has been so suddenly, so unexpectedly broken in upon. It was a happy home-life, a happy family circle, the members of which were more than ordinarily charged with love and thought and helpfulness for each other. His children showed the quiet, steady training of the father, and it was to him at all times matter for thankfulness that he had seen them grow up into good and useful men and women, devoted to their duties as he had been devoted to his. Mrs. Smith, who now lies in precarious health, and his sons and daughters, feel their sorrow press heavily upon them, as indeed they must, when one so near and dear to them has been called from their midst. What can we say but that we ought all of us to be thankful for the life which has been called to participate in the larger and the fuller life? What can we do but recognise, even though it be with sad hearts in the presence of our loss, that God has been gracious, that he has been merciful, that he did not take away our friend in the midst of his age, but left him to work his quiet way and to reapsomething of the fruits of labour? Such a parting is necessarily fraught with great sorrow and sadness, and yet in this case a sadness which may well be mellowed by a thought of thankfulness, thankfulness to God in that he granted to their family circle length of days and led them always to rejoice in their common life. The sorrowing members of his family have our heartfelt sympathy.

And as he was in his family, so he was as minister among his people. He believed in God with his whole heart and mind and soul and strength; and his love of God equalled his belief. To the composition of his sermons he brought the results of a wide and careful reading so that anything he had to say was of interest, whether it took the shape of sermon, lecture, or conversation. He was a faithful pastor. What struck one about his ministry was the continued youthful view he took of his work. He never grew old either in his views or his practice. A month ago one would have paused before speaking of him as an old man; and I well remember how about a month ago I conversed with him in the Manse, when for the first time he told me his age, that he was in his eightieth year, and how merrily he laughed at my astonishment. I had never thought of him in relation to years at all. "But," I asked, "How do you account for your longevity?" He replied, "Well, I have been blessed with a sound constitution, which is of course the first requisite, but, the one thing that I think has helped me most has been my never-ceasing interest in things; I have never ceased for one moment to be interested; I have risen in the morning full of interest in the work of the day; I have retired to rest at night interested in thought of the work I have had in hand. This interest in things which never flags has, I believe, kept me young." I was speaking about his ministry. His was not a wide or prominent sphere of labour, but it was not with him on that account of less importance. He never forgot his sacred office; he never slackened; he never did anything in a slipshod manner. Down to the smallest detail, everything about him was well-ordered; he was always well equipped to the perform-

ance of any duty which came to his hand. Out of a ministerial life extending over a period of fifty-three years, a period of usefulness to which few men attain, he spent forty of those years here in Antrim, and at the end of that time it can be said of him that he endeared himself to his congregation and to the people of this town and district. They loved him because he had lived among them the life of a good man. To all who mourn his loss may God come with the comfort of his Holy Spirit.

I have spoken to you about his youthfulness. One of the most charming of sights was to see him in the presence of children. He was not then by any means an old man of eighty, but just a child, and as young as any of them. No one better than he could come down, or if you prefer to put it the other way, rise up to the level of children. He seemed somehow just to attract them to himself. Not so very long ago a certain family that I know of expected a minister to spend the day with them. The little five-year-old daughter of the house expressed disappointment when she heard the minister's name. "Why," she was asked, "Is he not a friend of yours?" "Oh, yes," she said, "but he is not my great friend; my great friend, you know, is Mr. Smith, of Antrim." To have seen Mr. Smith with a couple of small boys at his side, all three of them poring over a collection of birds' eggs, or to have heard them discussing a case of moths and butterflies, was to have experienced a rich treat such as one does not meet with frequently. I know some boys who will long remember happy chats with him about such matters, and they will miss his guidance. The children loved him.

There is no doubt that our departed friend thoroughly enjoyed his life. By the goodness of God it was long, healthy, pure, and good. He was a man of many and varied interests. He lived very close to nature. Nature charmed and fascinated him. He saw through nature to nature's God. At all times he enjoyed living. He enjoyed his home, his books, his friends, his garden. Often have I had the great privilege of walking with him in his garden. How he enjoyed it! What a place of beauty and interest it was! In the springtime he would discourse of the seeds, the plants, the flowers; in the summertime he loved to have you rejoice with him in all its great wealth of bloom; in the autumn he would give you of the fruits. We shall none of us walk more with him in his garden. May we be counted worthy at the last to walk with him in the Garden of the Lord.

THE LATE MR. SAVAGE.

Memorial Service at Ballee.

ON Sunday last a memorial service was held in Ballee Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church, having regard to the tragic death of its esteemed treasurer, Mr. William Savage, of Lissoid. The manifestations of sorrow were keenly evident throughout. Mr. Robert M'Cullen played a funeral march on the new organ, the people standing, and a resolution of sympathy was passed to Mrs. Savage and family.

Rev. J. H. Bibby, speaking under stress of deep emotion, said: All our hearts are heavy to-day with one common sentiment of keenly sorrowful distress at the loss this Church has sustained by the tragic death of its Treasurer, William Savage. To think of this place without his fine manly presence seems hard to realise, and I am overwhelmed when I try to picture what Ballee will be to me, personally, without his cheery helpfulness. I had learned to look upon him as one who did things here without any worrying care for myself, or adverse criticism from anyone. If any occasion arose for such it was done in so kindly a way that no sting remained behind to rankle. Whatever he did was quietly but surely done, and somehow it always turned out right. This day week he was with us as one who carried the sunshine of heaven in his heart, and now his body lies outside there in our

quiet God's acre, and what he looked like in outward appearance will be a memory only henceforth. The day before the accident I caught a passing glance of him doing his usual market business, and was passing on, but I was not far gone before he caught me up to say that something impelled him to come and speak me well. My journey that day was a trying one, as it turned out, but hearty words made it brighter for me, and I shall always treasure the incident as one that was an index to the man's kindly soul. It was his prevailing characteristic. To look at him, those who only knew him in a casual way thought he was the picture of health ; but some of us who were in his confidence knew that he suffered often and intensely from an excruciatingly painful malady. And this he bore bravely, silently, not letting the next one know how near at times he felt the end might be.

When you find a whole countryside mourning, and at short notice turning out in such large numbers to make this sorrow manifest, it is evident that others recognised and gratefully remember his sunny disposition, his generous-hearted sympathy. Instead of a humble farmer and modest merchant being taken to his last resting-place, a stranger would have thought that an old chief of some Irish clan was being carried to his long home by a crowd of sorrowing kinsmen and retainers. I shall not attempt to speak of his honesty of purpose and his loyalty to what he considered to be right. Let it suffice to say that his word was his bond. If any one differed from him, he made all allowances for freedom to every man. He and I differed in some things as far as it is possible for men to differ ; but it did not mar our mutual respect in the slightest degree. He honestly believed that he was right, and he gave every other man credit for being equally sincere in his convictions. He did not wear religion on his sleeve, but he was an intensely devout man. He gave his time and toil unstintingly in the service of this Church, and that without murmur, although he was the busiest man in all the wide district that his affairs covered. There are some here to-day who can tell more than I can, and there are more absent who can one and all tell of his readiness to serve quietly and without a spark of pride or vanity or thirst for praise. What he did not know about agriculture was of little consequence, and his homestead was a model it were well to follow. For practical advice in needy times no one could surpass him with wise counsel.

He was a man to trust and follow. He was intensely conscientious, and hated lying in any of its forms, most of all in theological matters. As a companion no one could be more genial or sincere, and as open as daylight. But best of all was his loving and sympathising heart. This it was that made him the true friend he was. He was tender and trusty and true, and his friendliness could not be shaken by the exposure of any fault or any difference of opinion. I am but one of a thousand who called him by that name, and for many years I have trusted in him and gladdened in the thought that he loved me. No one can ever take his place in my grateful affection. We may not speak of the home life. Such details are too sacred for public handling. We may well be thankful that we were privileged to know, in our varying measure, this good and rare man. And we may also thank God that the suffering soul is at rest, and that he will now know more and better of the fruits of his loving service than he could ever know on earth. "The Lord gave. The Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord ! "

THE RISE OF UNITARIANISM IN WALES.

By Cambriensis.

IV.

WE may now turn back to 1729 to see what caused the great controversy and what was the question in dispute. In that year a pamphlet appeared called "The Paper," which roused the indignation of the

orthodox Churches to a very high pitch. The opinions set forth in this "Paper" were plainly of the Arminian strain, and what was more repugnant still to the Calvinists was the fact that this pamphlet deigned to give "A True Account concerning Original Sin." Such opinions as were expressed in this pamphlet were considered to be extremely dangerous to both the young and the old, aiming at undermining the influence of the Churches and shattering many of the old-established doctrines, which had been and were so resolutely upheld and fondly treasured by their members. However, this "True Account concerning Original Sin" appeared unsigned. It is now generally understood that the writer of it was none other than the Rev. Jenkin Jones. Of course this pamphlet was not allowed to pass unchallenged by the other side; able opponents retaliated. "A Truer Account of Original Sin" appeared, defending the orthodox views. In 1733 Enock Francis published his "Word in Season," and in 1735 Simon Thomas wrote a history of Pelagius and Arminius, showing the dangerous trend of their doctrines.

After the death of the Rev. J. Jones in 1742 the members of Llwynrhydowen Church looked about for a successor, and they chose a young student of Carmarthen College, David Lloyd (1725-1779) by name, a brilliant young man, whom they knew well, and who, in fact, had been reared among them. His ordination took place in the year 1745. A short time after this the Baptists of Llandyssul, a town a few miles away, thought it prudent to look after their defences, because the young minister of Llwynrhydowen was making excellent headway and weakening the Baptist cause. The Baptists, therefore, determined to do something effective to counteract this "pernicious" influence, and they decided to hold great open-air meetings, which were to last many days, but all in vain. Llwynrhydowen still survived, unharmed. Through sound courage, indefatigable energy and strength of conviction, the Rev. David Lloyd not only maintained what his predecessor had initiated, but extended its boundaries. From his writings it is proved that he rejected the doctrine of the Trinity. He had left Calvinism and Arminianism behind, thus he was plodding on through Arianism towards the Unitarian position, which position I do not think he himself had reached exactly, but by his endeavours it was brought still nearer.

His successor at Llwynrhydowen was the Rev. David Davis, the famous schoolmaster of Castell Hywel, who was not a Trinitarian, and whose opinions as regards the Person of Christ were Arian, as regards human power and possibilities were Arminian, and as regards the object of worship Unitarian. He laid greater stress on conduct than on belief, deeming that everyone should seek the best form of belief possible, and should live according to the dictates of conscience always. Rev. D. Davis was not at all in sympathy with the materialistic views of Dr. Priestley, who believed that the body and soul went to the grave, to stay there until the resurrection of the dead. It was he that wrote the well-known epitaph on Dr. Priestley:—

Here lie at rest in oaken chest,
Together packed most nicely,
The bones and brains, flesh, blood and veins,
AND SOUL of Dr. Priestley.

Before we come to the final step to pure Unitarianism, something should be said about the Church where that step was first made; I refer to the Old Meeting House, Aberdare, in Glamorganshire. This Church was founded by people who had seceded in 1751 from the old chapel of Cwm-y-glo (which has been already mentioned). Our Church at Cefn, Merthyr, was established through a secession from the same place in 1749. This old chapel of Cwm-y-glo, now in ruins, situated far away among the lonely mountains on the southern border of Breconshire, has been the origin of many Churches of the Nonconformist order in north Glamorganshire—Presbyterian, Quaker, Independent, and Unitarian. Among the high, bleak mountains of the border the early Dissenters of North Glamorgan sought

peace to worship and security from persecution. With the Restoration, as we know, persecution became rife against conventicles, yet these Dissenters gathered together regularly within the rough walls of their barn-like meeting-house. They rejected and heartily disliked the ritualism and "Romish tendencies" of the State Church, and so they held, firmly and fearlessly, to their own. It was a risky business, yet they were willing to face all the risks rather than submit. Many of the members travelled long distances over rugged and steep mountains and across valleys to attend services, some walking and others on horseback. And during services members were told off in turn to watch as sentries, lest the soldiers should swoop suddenly upon them and arrest them all.

In time persecution ceased, and toleration was granted. In time this historic chapel was abandoned, its members seeking more convenient places of worship nearer their homes.

(To be Continued.)

Reports.

Ballyhemlin.—A May sermon was preached on Sunday afternoon, May 12th, by the Rev. John Barron. The text was: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The church was nicely decorated with spring flowers, and special hymns were sung. The custom hails from Tavistock, Devon, where Mr. Barron was minister for many years. The Rev. H. Enfield Dowson will preach on June 16th.

Belfast: First Church.—At a special meeting of the General Committee of the First Presbyterian Church, Rosemary Street, held after morning service on Sunday, 5th May, the following resolution was passed:—"We, the members of the General Committee of the First Congregation, Belfast, desire to place on record a deep sense of the loss the above congregation has incurred through the death of the late Mr. Thomas Andrews, jun. Even more would we express the most heartfelt sympathy with his bereaved widow and child, and with his parents and the members of his family. May they, along with the other precious memories they will cherish concerning him, find much comfort in the thought of that heroic sense of duty which impelled him to the very last to think and act for others rather than for himself. And we pray that in their great bereavement they may be strengthened and consoled by the faith that death cannot separate from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Belfast: York Street.—A grand concert was held in the hall of York Street Church on Thursday evening, April 25th. The hall was well filled, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the music and recitations. For the first part the choir gave a capital rendering of the cantata "The Rolling Seasons" (Simper), ably conducted by the organist, Mr. A. J. Parkes. The special artistes were:—Soprano, Miss Dewhurst; contralto, Miss Woods; tenor, Mr. J. Conkey; bass, Mr. D. Ervine. The second part of the programme was of a miscellaneous order. Songs were given by the Misses Dewhurst, Woods, Ferris, and by Mr. J. Conkey, and recitations by Miss Allen. Each artiste had to respond to encores. The very successful proceedings ended with "God Save the King." The Chairman was Rev. J. D. Davies.

Newry.—The annual meeting of the members of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church was held on Sunday afternoon, 28th April. There was a large attendance. Rev. George J. Slipper presided, and congratulated the members on another year's work of steady and quiet endeavour. He was pleased to observe that the attendance of the members had been well maintained, and that the Sunday School Classes had also been kept up to the usual average. During the past year the congregation had lost by death two of its members. Mr. Isaac Mitchell, one of the most promising of the younger members, whose interest in the welfare of the Church was all that could be desired, passed on to the

higher life in young manhood. Mr. Harry M'Comb, younger brother in a family bearing an honoured name in their Church life, was also called away after a tedious illness. Referring to the appeal of the promoters of the Sustentation Fund that was being formed in connection with the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland, he said it was very encouraging to state that the response given to the appeal of the promoters of that fund by the members of the congregation had already resulted in a sum of £70 being either promised or paid. Mr. Christopher Warnock, Treasurer, then read his report, which stated that there was a balance in hand after paying all accounts, and that there was also an increase in the stipend list as compared with the previous year.

Unity Guild.—The annual meeting was held in Rosemary Hall on Wednesday April 24th In the absence through indisposition of the President, the chair was occupied by Rev. A. O. Ashworth. The Committee's report was read by the Hon. Sec., and Mr. George J. Hill submitted his financial statement, which showed a balance in hand of £2 12s. 0d. Rev. G. L. Phelps was elected President for 1912-13, and the Officers and Committee were re-elected, the retiring President taking his successor's place on the Committee. After some little discussion, it was decided that the Summer Excursion Programme should be—May 18, Scrabo; June 15, Dunmurry ; Aug. 3, Gobbins ; September 7, Crumlin. It was arranged that the annual service should be held on September 8th. Light refreshments were served by the kindness of the All Souls members, and, following this interval, the remainder of the evening was devoted to a musical programme, arranged by the All Souls Organist (Mr. Birch), to which he and the following members of the Choir contributed—Misses M'Kendry, Bell, Bruce, and Winnie Woods, Messrs. Corbett and Carr.

The summer programme opened with the excursion to Newtownards and Scrabo on May 18th. From various causes the party was a very small one, numbering only 18, and it is to be hoped that an improvement will be seen at the three outings yet to come, as it is very disheartening to the Hon. Sec., after going to the trouble of making all necessary arrangements. On arrival at Newtownards the party was met by Rev. R. M. King and his wife, who had kindly promised to act as guides for the afternoon. A start was at once made for the famous hill, and we took a different route from that adopted two years ago. Although some of the gentler sex found the long climb somewhat trying, they felt themselves amply rewarded by the magnificent views obtained, it being possible to keen-sighted ones to discern the dim outline of the Scotch coast looking over and beyond Donaghadee. After resting a while on the grassy slopes surrounding the Tower (that absolutely unique erection so far as Ireland is concerned), some of the party entering the Tower for the purpose either of climbing to the summit or seeking refreshment for "the inner man," a start was made on the return journey, which was accomplished without untoward incident, save that one of the ministers at the risk of a sprained ankle gallantly enabled some of the ladies to gratify their wish for some "broom," which was in excellent blossom. Arrived at the Queen's Café, appetites whetted by the pure air did ample justice to tea. This important detail having been attended to, a start was made for the station in nice time to catch the 7-55 p.m. train for home.

Echoes.

At a meeting of English Church clergy recently the "cursing" Psalms were under discussion, and opinions expressed as to their either being altered or the passages objected to omitted. It is satisfactory to know that even those who profess to think the Scriptures infallible detect that which is not to be imitated in the Psalms referred to. Evidently, these clergymen are not like Spurgeon, who said—"The psalms which pronounce

curses upon people seem to me to be bad, but they must be good, because they are in the Bible." This is a singularly inane position to have occupied, showing as it does, how theology can make a man morally blind.

* *

In the report of a lecture given in Lurgan, on February 27, by Lady Hermione Blackwood, on the history of district nursing, I was glad to note that it was in its modern form traced to its Unitarian source, though the word was not used. It was in 1858 that Mr. William Rathbone, a well-known Unitarian, first sent a nurse among the very sick poor of Liverpool, having been led to do so by noticing what a blessing nursing skill and knowledge had been to his wife in her fatal illness. It was not, however, until about four years afterwards, when Mr. Rathbone had had a number of young women trained, that the movement assumed its present form. In a very short time eighteen nurses in different districts of the city were at work, under the superintendence of a ladies' committee in each case, who provided comforts and necessary nourishment for those patients needing such. Liverpool can boast of the largest nurses' home in the Kingdom. Mr. Rathbone died in 1902, so that he lived long enough to see blessings in abundance flow from his efforts.

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